



## **Sex Ed Chapter 5: Shower by Phantasmoplast**

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**Summary:** This is the 5th chapter to my other fanfic, Sex Ed. I highly recommend you read it before this if you haven't already to provide some context. Rated M for explicit sexual content.

## **Sex Ed Chapter 5: Shower**

A/N: So, to all y'all who asked for mature stuff, this is for you. Never written anything as explicit before, so it was a new experience for me, and honestly, it was surprisingly difficult. I thought it would be pretty easy and quick to write, but it ended up taking twice as long as a standard chapter. Hopefully it came out okay!

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"Mike?"

"Yeah?"

"Can I come out now?"

"...Yeah. You can come out."

There was a moment's pause while El gathered herself. Then she stepped out from behind the curtain and Mike felt his heart stop beating altogether.

It took all his willpower to keep his eyes fixed on hers. He desperately wanted to let his gaze travel down her slender body, to drink in the sight of her small breasts, flat stomach and smooth thighs, but he swallowed hard and kept staring into her dark brown eyes. El bit her lip and glanced at the floor for a moment.

*She's as nervous as I am,* Mike realized. He moved toward her and put his hands on her slim shoulders, causing her to look back up at him.

"You're so beautiful." The words slipped out of his mouth before he could think, but El smiled, giving Mike the boost of confidence he needed. He kissed her gently, enjoying the way her bare body felt pressed against his clothed one. El responded, wrapping her arms around his back, but after another moment she came up for air and looked at him shyly.

"I... I don't know what to do," she confessed.

"That's okay," Mike told her. He didn't know either, really, beyond

what he had heard from other boys in school. He hoped it would be enough, because, he realized now, he would have to take the lead from here on. He kissed her again, harder this time, and pushed her slowly back until she was pressed against the pink-tiled wall. Mike slipped his tongue through El's parted lips, exploring her mouth and marveling at the warm, wet feeling. She was breathing hard.

Once again, however, El stopped him when they came up for air.

"You too," she said.

"Me too, what?" Mike asked, bewildered.

El tugged at his shirt. "Want to see."

"Oh." Mike felt himself reddening slightly and suppressed the embarrassment. *She's naked, too*, he reminded himself. And besides he'd have to be soon, anyway. He took his shirt and pulled it over his head briskly, removing his jeans a few seconds later. Soon he was totally bare and feeling somewhat self-conscious as El's gaze travelled up and down his body unabashedly, taking in the unfamiliar shapes and lines.

Hoping to shake off his awkwardness, Mike stooped and picked up the damp shower mat, moving it to the middle of the bathroom floor. Then he moved close to her once again and, kissing her, maneuvered their locked bodies to the mat. He gently pushed El down, so that she was lying with her back against the soft fabric, and went to his hands and knees over her, kissing the juncture between her neck and shoulder. El gasped and shivered at the new feeling, unconsciously arching her back and pulling him closer to her body. Mike kissed the spot again, and then planted another one slightly lower. He continued this path until he reached her breasts.

After a moment's hesitation, Mike took one gently in his left hand, marveling at the soft springiness of the flesh. He squeezed, oh-so-lightly. When El's breaths started to come faster and harder, he brushed his lips against the sensitive skin on her other breast. His tongue flicked out across the center and El let out a little squeak and shuddered.

"El?" Mike asked, pulling back, worried that he had hurt her.

"...More."

He was all too happy to comply. Her chest was heaving and her fingers were weaving themselves into his hair as he continued. But Mike's gentle kissing and licking was doing nothing to satisfy the burning heat in El's core. Even as he progressed and her heart rate continued to increase, the want just got stronger and stronger. El wanted him, *needed* him to go lower, to satisfy the urge. But she said nothing, figuring he would know what to do better than her.

Mike was barely able to think straight. The blood was all gone from his head, rushing lower to areas that were, momentarily, of far greater importance. He couldn't take it anymore. He jumped to his feet. El mewled in protest, but he came back a second later after rifling through the bathroom cabinet and producing a small blue plastic packet. El recognized it as one of the things Nancy had given to him days before.

Mike tore open the little packet and struggled with the condom for a minute before he finally got it on. El watched, fidgeting impatiently. Once he was done, Mike knelt down over her put a hand on her cheek.

"El, this is going to hurt at first," he warned her. "I don't know how badly, and it'll feel good afterwards. But if it's too much, tell me and we'll stop. Okay?"

"Okay," she answered, not caring or listening much. The heat was becoming torturous now. She wished he would get it over with and just make it go away.

"No, really, listen," Mike insisted, noticing her inattentiveness. He laced his fingers with hers. "You have to promise me that you'll say something if it hurts too much."

"Promise," El said. *Hurry hurry hurry.*

Mike took a deep breath and positioned himself over her, taking her hips in his hands. He hoped it wouldn't hurt El too badly. *Get it over*

*with, Wheeler. Won't get any easier for her if you wait.*

It was difficult. More so than he would have anticipated. She was so clenched and resistant he wondered briefly if he would even fit. Once it became clear that he would, the problem of El's pleasure — or rather, the lack of it — arose. She was not, Mike could tell at a glance, enjoying herself.

El's jaw was clenched hard and her eyes were squeezed tightly shut. Mike felt horrible for causing her such discomfort, but the euphoric tightness he was now experiencing, coupled with El's promise seconds before, kept him slowly pushing forward, until he was entirely inside of her. El let out a short, pained breath as her body stretched to make room, and a single tear slid down from beneath a closed lid.

"Hey." Mike reached up and brushed it away. Her eyes opened and met his. "We can stop," he reminded her, though he desperately didn't want to.

"No." El shook her head hard. Through the sharp pain, the heat was still present and more intense than ever. And Mike was worth any amount of hurting.

He nodded once at her response and slowly began to move his hips back. The sensation was one of bliss and Mike let out an involuntary groan before pushing in again slowly. El felt another brief flash of pain, but it was nowhere near as bad as the first one. And as Mike started to move in and out, adopting a steadier rhythm, the pain turned into something else entirely.

"Ah—" A high whimper escaped from between El's parted lips. Her arms wrapped around his lower back, and her chest rose in fell in time with his thrusts. She was starting to feel an intense, concentrated sort of pleasure that nothing else had given her before, not even kissing or Eggos.

Mike started to speed up, moving his hips with more force and creating a soft slapping sound on each push as their bodies collided. El's eyes were shut again, but the expression on her face was less tense than before. Her head was thrown back, lips parted to form a small *O shape*. The erotic sight made Mike realize just how close he

was. There was a pressure mounting fast in his lower body. He hadn't been going for very long, only a few minutes. Was he supposed to last longer? Mike didn't know but *fuck* he couldn't hold on much longer and El was moaning and her voice was so sweet and her back was arching and she was somehow tightening even more around him—

The rush of pleasure from the climax caused a growl to force its way out of Mike's throat. At the same time, El's hips bucked against his own and her entire body shuddered as a cry escaped her lips. Mike collapsed, narrowly avoiding crushing her beneath his own body by rolling off to the side. He came to rest next to her, both of them staring up at the ceiling.

"Wow," Mike said finally, giving voice to El's thoughts. She nodded.

"I want to do only that every day, forever," she told him, so earnestly that Mike laughed.

"Me, too," he said, hugging her tightly and kissing her on the lips. He released her and stood, sighing regretfully. "But right now, we need to go downstairs to the guys." Mike frowned. "Damn, the guys. What the hell am I going to tell them?"